THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

—THE POWERS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, NOR PROHIBITED BY IT TO THE STATES, ARE RESERVED TO THE STATES RESPECTIVELY, OR TO THE PEOPLE.—*Amendments to the Constitution, Article X.*—

B. AUSTIN & C. F. FISHER, *EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.*

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TERMS OF CAROLINIAN.

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NOTICE. The Subscriber earnestly requests all those indebted to him for subscription to the "Carolinian," and who will be in Salisbury during the week of August Court, to call on Messrs. Austin & Fisher, who will be in Town, and close their accounts. He hopes this request will be complied with, as his connexion with the paper having ceased it is necessary that his accounts should be settled without further delay.

JOS. W. HAMPTON.

August 10, 1838.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Southern Literary Journal.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF REVOLUTIONARY CHARACTERS AND INCIDENTS;

BY ONE WHO HAS OFTEN HEARD THEM NARRATED BY THE ACTORS IN THOSE TIMES OF TRIAL; OR BY LOOKERS ON.

William Cunningham, (or as he was commonly called Bloody Bill Cunningham,) acted too prominent a part in the partisan warfare of Laurens, Newberry and, Edgefield Districts, in the Revolutionary times, not to be first remembered and first noticed, He was a native of Laurens District, and a distant relative of Gen'ls. Robert, Patrick, and John Cunningham. Of his parents little is known. His father was an old man at the time when his son's career of blood commenced, and I presume from the incident which was the first in it, incapable of protecting himself against the violent.

William Cunningham is represented to have been a man of great physical powers, and of fine personal appearance. One of his contemporaries (the late Wm. Caldwell) used to say, "that he had often heard it said, Cunningham was a coward; but," added he, "whoever said so, did not know him; he was as brave a man as ever walked the earth."

About the commencement of hostilities at the South, in 1775, he enlisted as a private soldier in the service of the State of South Carolina, in a company commanded by Capt. John Caldwell in Col. Thomson's Regiment of Rangers. He served with great credit; so much so, that his Captain was about promoting him, over the head of his own brother, Wm. Caldwell, who belonged to the same company. Some trivial offence prevented his promotion, and sent him before a Court-martial, by which he was senteneed to be whipped; and he actually suffered the degrading punishment! With his blood on fire, and vengeance his predominant feeling, he deserted the flag of his country and fled to Florida. While there, William Ritchie kicked his aged father out of doors. By some means the intelligence reached Cunningham; he swore that he would seek and have revenge in the blood of his father's oppressor. He shouldered his rifle, and mostly on foot traversed the country between St. Augustine and Laurens District, and in Ritchie's own house, in the presence of his family, he consummated his cherished and fell purpose by shooting him dead.

He here first tasted blood; and like the tiger, the taste created a thirst which could never be quenched. After that time he was one of the most merciless of the Tory blood-hounds who scoured the country, and hunted to the death her gallant and suffering sons.

He raised an independent command of mounted loyalists. They were like himself, bold and daring spirits; and many of them like him had already tasted the blood of private revenge. Some of their names are still remembered:—William Parker, Henry Parker, William Kilmer, Jonathan Kilmer, Hall Foster, Jesse Gray, William Dunahox, Isaac, Aaron, and Curtis Mills, Ned and Dick Turner, Matthew Love, Bill Elmore, Hubbles, John Hood, and Moultrie. Of some of these men, in these random recollections, we may have occasion to speak further. One of his earliest feats as a partisan officer, was a visit to his old commander, Major John Caldwell, who had retired to private life. He found him on a summer's day, sitting in his own house, without shoes or stockings. He amused himself by stamping on his toes and kicking his shins; and concluded his visit by telling him that this was ample satisfaction for the whipping he had received while under his command.

His pursuit of Capt. Sam'l. Moore showed his fiend-like disposition. They met and charged each other. Moore gave way and fled. Both were well mounted, both were excellent horsemen, and both knew well the ground over which they ran. For miles Cunningham was in sword's length, and in a low conversational style urged his flying foe to redouble his exertions to escape. "Push the rowels in Sammy, honey," was his continual jeering observation. At length, like the cat tired of his play, he cut his adversary down, and in his death removed another object of private hatred.

His deeds of blood, which are, however, best remembered, are those which occurred in what is called the "bloody scout." This followed the execution of Gov. Rutledge's impolitic order directing the wives and children of the Tories in the British service, to be sent in to the British Lines near Charleston. This was well calculated to arouse the vindictive feelings of such men as Cunningham and his blood-hounds. He and they swore to be revenged on all who had executed the order.

His company left Charleston in detached parties, made their way up the Edistoes, concentrated in Edgefield, and attacked Turner's station. The resistance was gallant but unavailing. The garrison surrendered and was put to the sword with the exception of a single man (Warren Bletcher.) In that affair fell two of the Butlers, father and son,—the grand-father and uncle of the present Governor and Judge Butler. Bletcher was saved by Aaron Mills. It was a rule of the company, that after Cunningham had selected his victims, each member might select the objects of his vengeance.—Sometimes mercy ruled the hour, and a soldier was allowed to save a friend or acquaintance. Bletcher was known to Mills and was protected by him during the massacre. When the company left the bloody scene, it was determined that Bletcher should be conveyed as a prisoner to the next halt, and there probably his life would have paid the forfeit. He was mounted behind Mills. As the company proceeded at a round gallop, Mills affected that his horse was overburdened, and began to lag behind; he fell back behind first one and then another until he was entirely in the rear. The company had crossed a branch grown up with cane; as he approached it, Mills said to Bletcher: "Jump off and run for your life." He did so. Mills suffered him to gain the covert before he cried out: "The prisoner has escaped." Pursuit was in vain.

Cunningham was next seen in Newberry District. When he crossed Saluda (perhaps at the Old Town,) he met with and captured John Towles. He had been concerned in sending off the women and children of the Tories, and had been especially engaged in driving in their cattle. Cunningham swore he should die in his trade, he therefore hung him with a piece of an untanned cow-hide.

At Ensley's shop he killed Oliver Towles and two others. The only surviving member of the Caldwell family of the Revolution, Mrs. Gillam, then a girl, visited his shop alone soon after Cunningham's party had left it, to see what consequences had followed from the report of their guns. When she reached it she found Oliver Towles and two others, her acquaintances, dead. One was stretched or laid out upon the bier bench.

On his march to Edgehill's, Hayes' station, he passed the house of his old commander John Caldwell. Two of his men, Hall Foster and Bill Elmore, were his videttes in advance. They found Major Caldwell walking in his garden, shot him down, and charged their horses in and out of the garden in fiend-like sport. When Cunningham arrived he affected to deplore the bloody deed; he protested with tears that he would as soon have seen his own father shot as Major Caldwell. Yet in the next instant his house by his orders was wrapt in flames, and his widow left with no other shelter than the heavens, seated by the side of her murdered husband. His gallant brother, James Caldwell, whose scarred face testified to his gallantry in the most gallant of all affairs, the battle of the Cowpens, finding her in this situation, forgot every thing else than vengeance, and on the succeeding day his sword drank the blood of two of Cunningham's stragglers.

Hayes was a bold, inexperienced, incautious man. His station was at Col. Edgehill's, in Laurens District, east of Little River and Simmon's Creek, on the old Charleston road from Raubun's Creek to Orangeburgh. The dwelling house built of logs was his fort. He was told by William Caldwell to put himself in a position of defence; pointing to the smoke, he said, "that is my brother's house, and I know Cunningham is in the neighborhood." Hayes was at work in a blacksmith shop, making a cleat to hold a lady's netting, and hooted at Caldwell's suggestions, saying that Cunningham had too much sense to come there. Caldwell replied: "I will not stay here to be butchered;" and mounted and fled at full speed. As he went out at one end of the old field he saw Cunningham's company come in at the other.

The surprise was complete and overwhelming Hayes and his men almost without resistance were driven into the house, and Cunningham's pursuit was so close, that John Tinsley struck a full blow with his sword at Col. Hayes as he entered the door. A few guns were fired. One of Cunningham's men was killed in the assault, and one of Hayes' men was killed in the house by a ball shot between the logs. A pole tipped with flax, saturated with tar, was set on fire and thrown upon the house. It was soon in flames. Hays and his party on a promise of good quarters, (as it has always been said,) surrendered. Cunningham selected Hayes and Maj. Dan'l. Williams, (a son of Col. Williams who fell at King's Mountains,) as his victims. He was about hanging them on the pole of a fodder stack, when he was accosted by a younger son of Col. Williams, Joseph Williams, a lad of sixteen or seventeen years, who had from infancy known Cunningham.—"Capt. Cunningham, how shall I go home and tell my mother that you have hanged brother Daniel?" Cunningham instantly swore that he should not have that melancholy duty to perform. He hung him up with his brother and Hayes. The pole broke with their weight and with his sword he literally hewed them to pieces. While wiping his reeking sword, he observed, that one of his comrades in cutting a captive to pieces had broken his sword,—he gaily handed to him his, observing, that it wouldn't break. James Tinsley, Major Wm. Dunlap and John Cummins were the only survivors of Hayes' party; James Tinsley and his brother were, I had supposed, saved by their gallant kinsman John Tinsley; but within the last few years, James Tinsley assured me, that such was not the fact. He said their lives were saved by another of Cunningham's party, (whose name to my great regret has escaped my recollection,) at the peril of his own life. Major Dunlap of Huntsville, Laurens District, was then a lad; *no one then or ever since could be his enemy.* He was discharged the next morning covered with the blood and brains of his comrades. John Cummins, (commonly called King Cummins,) was too much the Leather-stocking of the lower part of Laurens District to be an object of vengeance. He still lives at a great age to fight all his battles over.

Passing from Hayes' station to the west side of Little River, Cunningham crossed at O'Neall's mill. This he burned. The owner, Hugh O'Neall, on the top of Edgehill's mountain, had in sorrow and sadness witnessed the massacre of his neighbors at Hayes' station. From the same lofty stand he saw his all, in a pecuniary point of view, swept away by the fire brand of him who never knew to pity or spare. On the next day he and some others of the neighbors committed to the earth the mangled bodies of the slain at Hayes' station. Two large pits constituted the graves of all who fell there; and there undistinguished and almost unknown they still remain.

Cunningham encamped on the night succeeding the massacre on the Beaverdam, at a place now known as Odell's mills. From this point he commenced his retreat. His bloody foray had aroused the whole whig population. Col. Hammond (Sam'l) from the time Cunningham passed Saluda River, was in hot pursuit. Cunningham's company remained embodied until they passed Little Saluda (at West's.) It was there the late Gen. Butler leading the van of the pursuit confronted almost alone the whole of Cunningham's company. Numbers forced him to pause, and before his exhausted companions could reach him, Cunningham had resumed his rapid flight; and breaking into detached parties, he and his followers plunged into the pine barrens and swamps of the Edisto country, and by different routes reached Charleston.

On this or some other occasion, Butler and his company chased a party consisting of Cunningham, Foster and Hooe. Here again Butler kept nearly equal pace with the pursued, but his companions could not. In the midst of the race Cunningham's horse sunk in a mire. While he was struggling out of it, Cunningham's trusty companions turned like lions at bay, and again Butler's vengeance for a father's and brother's blood was prevented from taking effect.

On another occasion, it is said, Butler single handed pursued Cunningham alone for miles; each of their horses, straining every nerve, ran in the jockey style, nose and tail. Butler was often near enough to have struck Cunningham's noble and generous steed and thus disable him; but this his generous nature forbade, the rider not the steed was the object of his vengeance. Cunningham's pistol was often thrown over his shoulder and snapped at the pursuer. At length Butler's horse sunk in a hole in the woods, and before his rider could again resume pursuit Cunningham was beyond it.

The noble war horse which had borne Cunningham through so many of his bloody adventures, and never failed him at his greatest need, died in Charleston, and was buried almost with the honors of war by his blood-stained master.

Of Cunningham I know no more certainly, save that in him was not fulfilled the Scripture. The violent man did not die a violent death. His life was sought most diligently and fearlessly by the surviving kinsmen of his murdered victims. He lived to a good old age and died quietly in his own bed in the West Indies.

The following account of the wonderful and deserted CITY OF PETRA is extracted from Stevens Travels in the East.—PETRA was once a celebrated City and is situated in the valley of Edom, near the Dead Sea.

"This ancient extraordinary city is situated within a natural ampitheatre of two or three miles in circumference, encompassed on all sides by rugged mountains five or six hundred feet in height.—The whole of this area is now a waste of ruins, dwelling houses, palaces, temples, and triumphal arches, all prostrate together in undistinguishable confusion. The sides of the mountains are cut smooth, in a perpendicular direction, and filled with long and continued ranges of dwelling houses, temples, and tombs, excavated with vast labor out of the solid rock; and while their summits present Nature in her wildest and savage form, their bases are adorned with all the beauty of architecture and art, with columns, and porticoes, and pediments, and rangers of corriders, enduring as the mountains out of which they are hewn, and fresh, as if the work of a generation scarcely yet gone by. Nothing can be finer than the immense rocky rampart which encloses the city. Strong firm and immovable as nature itself, it seems to deride the walls of cities, and the punny fortifications of skilful engineers. The only access is by clambering over the wall of stone, practicable only in one place, or by an entrance the most extraordinary that nature, in her wildest freaks, has ever framed. The loftiest portals ever raised by the hands of man, the proudest monuments of architectural skill and daring, sink into insignificance by the comparison. It is, perhaps, the most wonderful object in the world, except the ruins of the city to which it forms the entrance. Burkhardt had been accosted, immediately upon his entry, by a large party of Bedouins, and had been suffered to remain but a very short time. I expected a scene of some kind; but at the entrance of the city there was not a creature to dispute our passage; its portals were wide open, and we passed along the stream down into the area, and still no man came to oppose us. We moved to the extreme end of the area; and when in the act of dismounting at the foot of the rock on which stood the temple that had constantly faced us, we saw one solitary Arab straggling along without any apparent object, a mere wanderer among the ruins; and it is not an uninteresting fact that this poor Bedouin was the only living being we saw in thedesolate city of Petra. After gazing at us for a few moments from a distance, he came towards us, and in a few moments was sitting down to pipes and coffee with my companions.

Among the ruins is a circular theatre, cut out of the solid rock, containing 33 rows of seats, and capable of holding 3000 people. Although the front pillars have fallen, yet the whole theatre, says Mr. Stevens, is in such a state of preservation that "if the tenants of the tombs around could once more rise into life, they might take their places on the seats. "Where," he exclaims, "are ye inhabitants of this desolate city? ye, who once sat on the seats of this theatre, the young, the highborn, the beautiful and brave: who once rejoiced in your riches and power, and lived as if there was no grave! where are ye now? Even the very tombs whose open doors are stretching away in long ranges before the eyes of the wandering traveller, cannot reveal your doom. Your dry bones are gone. The robber has invaded your grave, and your very ashes have been swept away to make room for the wandering Arab of the desert."

No description without the aid of plates, can give an adequate conception of the ruins of this wonderful city. Sufficient may be gathered from the preceeding account, to convince every reader, that Petra was once a populous, wealthy and luxurious city, adorned with temples, arches and theatres; and that it was for a thousand years utterly forgotten, and that it is now destitute of a single inhabitant.

The most interesting and important consideration connected with the city is, that its ruin is a distinct fulfilment of the ancient prophecies. Jeremiah, Isaiah, Amos, Joel, Obadiah, and Malachi, have announced the desolation of Edom, and some of them in language, which most graphically describes the situation of Petra, "in the clefts of the rocks," and in "the height of the hill." Mr. Stevens says: "Amid all the terrible denunciations against the land of Idumea, her cities and the inhabitants thereof, 'this proud city among the rocks' doubtless for its extraordinary sins, was always marked as a subject of extraordinary vengeance. "I have sworn by myself, saith the Lord, that Bozrah (the strong or fortified city) shall become a desolation, a reproach and a waste and a curse, and all the cities thereof shall be perpetual waste. Lo, I will make thee small among the heathen, and despised among men. Thy terribleness hath deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart, O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill; thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring the down from thence saith the Lord.' 'They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom but none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing; and thorns shall come up in her places, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof, and it shall be a habitation for dragons, and a court for owls'†

I would that the skeptic could stand as I did, among the ruins of this city among the rocks, and there open the sacred book and read the words of the inspired penmen, written when this desolate place was one of the greatest cities in the world.

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* Jer. 49: 13, 16. † Isaiah 24: 14, 15.

Power of Resistance in the Living Skull.—A boy five years old, a son of Mr. Marston, a farmer on Long Island, in the harbor of Boston, fell accidently in following his father by the side of an ox-team, with his head exactly in the rut of the cart forward of the wheel. Before Mr. Marston could possibly snatch the child from the dreadful impending danger, a heavy hay cart wheel having a thick, broad iron tire, rolled directly over his child's head—rising up over the space between the crown and the ear, and down to the ground again from the temple. The agonized father ran with the supposed mutilated, if not dead body to the house.—On examination by the mother, the scalp was found to be cut by the edge of the tire, as though a knife had been drawn over it, yet little or no blood flowed—showing the white bone below. As no injury of the skull could be detected, she closed the external wound with a simple dressing, which kept the edges in juxta-position. The boy exhibited considerable confusion, but it could hardly be called a delirium, and occasionally vomited blood for about a week. He also bled at the mouth and nose. It is plain, therefore, that the blood thrown from the stomach, was swallowed from time to time. At the end of six days the little fellow was quite restored, and we rarely see a finer specimen of robust, juvenile health and happiness, than in the person of this hard-headed boy. A wheel of half the weight, rolled over a dry skull, would have ground it to powder. To the admirable carpentry of the bones of the head presenting inimitable strength in every direction, together with the resistance of the living principle, vitality, which is only known by its name, are we to look for the preservation of this child.—*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.*

Anecdote.—While travelling in Western Virginia, happening one day to be in a dry goods store, situated in a small village, an old lady from the country came in. She purchased several articles of the clerk, and at length, observing a neatly painted and varnished pair of bellows hanging at a post, she inquired what it was. The clerk perceiving that the old lady was rather ignorant, and being something of a wag, informed her that it was *a new fashioned fan* which he had lately received from the East, and, at the same time taking the bellows down and puffing with it in his face, told her that was the mode of operation. The old lady repeated the operation on herself, and was so delighted with the new fan, that she purchased it forthwith and departed.

On the next day our informant, the minister, had an appointment to preach at a school-house in the neighboring county. The congregation being assembled, while the minister was in the act of reading the hymn, who should pop in but the old woman with her new fashioned fan; and having taken her seat, immediately commenced puffing away in good earnest. The congregation knew not what to make of it; some smiled and some looked astonished, but the ludicrous prevailed over every thing else, and to such an extent, that the minister himself was obliged to stop reading, and to hand the book to his brother in the desk. After the usual preliminary services, he rose to preach, but there sat conspicuously the old lady with the bellows in front, a hand hold of each handle, the nose turned up towards her face, and with much self complacency, puffing the gentle breeze into her face.—What to do, or how to proceed he knew not, for he could not cast his eyes over the congregation without meeting with the old lady. At length, summoning resolution, and trying to feel the solemnity of the duty imposed upon him, he proceeded. He finished his discourse, but it cost him more effort than any before or since.—*Mount Vernon Watchman.*

Errors of Diet in Infancy.—Many mothers consider every expression of uneasiness as an indication of appetite, and whenever a child cries they offer it the breast again, although ten minutes may not have elapsed since its preceding repast. Nothing can be more injurious than this custom. It overloads and oppresses the stomach, excites griping and bowel complaints, restlessness and fever, and not unfrequently leads to fatal diseases in the brain. It does harm also by withdrawing the mother's notice from the real source of uneasiness.

It is astonishing, indeed, with what exclusiveness of understanding eating is regarded even by intelligent parents as the grand solatium or panacea for all the pains and troubles which afflict the young. If a child falls over a stone and bruises its leg, its cries are immediately arrested by a sugar biscuit, stuffed into its open mouth. If its temper is discomposed by the loss of a toy, it is forthwith soothed by an offer of sweetmeats, the ultimate effect of which is to excite colicky pains in its bowels, which are worse than the original evil, and for which in their turn, it is presented with "nice peppermint drops," or some other equally pleasant antidote. Because the mouth is open when the child is crying, and the mouth leads to the stomach, parents jump to the conclusion that it is open for the purpose of being filled, and proceed to cram it accordingly; forgetting all the while that the mouth leads also to the windpipe, and may be open for the admission of air to the lungs as well as of food to the stomach, and that if they stuff it with cake or pudding when it is open for the reception of air, they run the risk of suffocating the little innocent, when their wish is only to sooth him.—*Medical Advertiser.*

BUTLER in his Reminiscences says:—That his literary acquirements were principally owing to the strict observance of the four following rules:

1. To direct his attention to *one* literary object at a time.

2. To read the best book upon it; and where the subject was controversial, to read the best book on each side.

3. To find out men of information, and in their society to listen, not talk.

4. To very early rising, and a systematic division of time.

We should manage our thoughts in composing any work, as shepherds do their flowers in making a garland: first select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper places, where they give a lustre to each other.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.

AGRICULTURAL.

REMARKS ON THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF HUSBANDRY.

1. Whatever may be the nature of your soil, and situation of your farm, remember that there is no soil so good, but it may be exhausted by bad tillage, and that there is none so bad that cannot be rendered fertile by good tillage, even barren heath if it can be ploughed and swarded.

2. The true art of husbandry consists of suffering no crop to grow on your land, that will so far exhaust your soil as to lessen the value of your succeeding crop, whatever profit such a crop may afford you.

3. To avoid this, suffer no one crop to grow two years successively upon the same piece of ground, excepting grass, or buck-wheat without the fertilizing aid of rich manures to support the strength of the soil; and even then, a change of crops will generally do best, excepting onions, carrots, and hemp.

4. Every plant derives from the earth for its growth, such properties as are peculiar to itself; this plant when followed successively for two or more years upon the same ground, will exhaust the soil of those properties peculiar to itself, without lessening its powers to produce some other plant; this fact is most striking in the article of flax, which will not bear to be repeated oftener than once in seven years, and it is common to all crops, with the exception of those noticed as above.

5. To avoid this evil, arrange your farm in such divisions as will enable you to improve all the variety of crops your lands may require, in such regular succession, as to form a routine of 5, 6, or 7 years, according to the nature, quality and situation of your farm.

This method will make poor land good, and good better. Try it, and see.

To Destroy Catterpillars.—Take strong Soap Suds, and with a broom or brush sprinkle it over their nests either in the evening after they have retired to them, or in the morning before they leave them; this falling on the purse which contains these insects, will cause them to crawl out and fall in masses, without any necessity for crushing or burning them.

To Preserve Cattle from Disease in the Winter.—When cattle are kept out in the winter, it is recommended as a useful practice to rub some tar at the root of the horn, which prevents the wet from getting between the root and the skin; and it is said, contributes to preserve the health of the animal, and to keep it free from various diseases to which it may otherwise be liable.

To make Cream yield Butter quickly in cold weather.—Cream will readily yield up the butter it contains in the coldest weather, if as much boiling water be poured in, as will bring it to the temperature of new milk, that is, milk just from the cow; cream so managed, will require very little churning, and no other disadvantage accrues, except that the butter will be white for a day or two.

MORAL DEPARMTENT.

"Where [illegible] called upon for thy opinions, if thou giv[illegible] which is in thy heart, thou art guilty of that hypocrisy which is cowardice, and that silence which is perjury."

"A proud, and passionate man puts his happiness in the power of every fool he meets."

The late Mr. Wirt, in a letter describing the effect of *Intemperance*, says:—It paralyzes the arm, the brain, the heart.' All the best affections, all the energies of the mind wither under its influence."

Mr. Gibbon remarks:—"The first, and indispensable requisite of happiness is a clear conscience."

"Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good."

'A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing."

"He that is good will infallibly become better, and he that is bad will as certainly become worse; for vice, virtue, and time are three things that never stand still."

PRIDE.

Of all the evil principles which belong to human nature, none, perhaps, is more prevalent than pride. There are some, however, who are more under its influence than others, "who think of nothing but themselves, and who imagine all the world thinks about them too; they suppose they are the subject of every conversation, and fancy every wheel which moves in society hath some relation to them. People of this sort are very desirous of knowing what is said of them; and, as they have no conception that any but glorious things are said of them, they are extremely solicitous to know them, and often put this question—"Who do men say that I am?"

One day, when Alcibiades was boasting of his wealth, and the great estates in his possession, (which generally blow up the pride of young people of quality,) Socrates carried him to a geographical map, and asked him to find Attica. It was so small, it could scarcely be discerned upon that draught. He found it, however, though with some difficulty; but upon being desired to point out his own estate there—"It is too small," says he, "to be distinguished in so little a space." "See, then," replied Socrates, "how much you are affected about an imperceptible point of land!" This reasoning might have been urged much farther still. For what was Attica compared to all Greece, Greece to Europe, Europe to the whole world, and the whole world itself to the vast extent of infinite orbs which surround it? What an insect, what a nothing, is the most powerful prince of the earth, in the midst of this abyss of bodies and immense spaces; and how little of it does he occupy!

"As nothing is more degrading to the character of a man than pride, so nothing is more fruitful of evil, or exposes a man to more wretchedness and misery." A vast proportion of the impatience and fretfulness of mankind (says Mr. Scott) results from a false estimate of their own merits and consequence. This induces them to consider their trials great, their comforts trifling, the least affront intolerable; but humility reconciles men to obscure stations, mean circumstances, and common occupations. Such men are ready to stoop, and, in honour to prefer others, they do not complain of being buried in situations where they are undervalued and neglected. They think soberly of themselves, as they ought to think; and this secures them from manifold disappointments and vexations to which other men are exposed. 'That will break a proud man's *heart*, which will scarcely break an humble man's sleep; and it is certain, that many of the troubles of life affect our peace almost in exact proportion to the degree of our pride and humility."

Most daring Assassination.—This morning, about half past three o'clock, a most atrocious murder was committed at the market house, on the body of Edgar Roulliett, a native of Philadelphia, but for the last few years a resident of Havanna. The deed was committed within the view of several of the market women, who were then assembling, but the murderers were not distinguished.—Strong suspicions, however, rest upon three individuals, with whom the deceased was seen in conversation, and two of whom are arrested. An enquiry by the proper authorities is now in progress. Independent of considerations of humanity, we always deeply deplore a transaction of this nature in our city, as tending to create abroad an erroneous impression of the character of our community—for it is our sincere opinion, there is none in the country, made up of such a herterogenous mass as ours, where more quiet and order prevail. The notion is prevalent, and we have frequently heard it repeated, that human life is held cheap among us. We scout the idea, and venture the assertion, that man walks no where more free from personal apprehensions than among us. We are now in the midst of a most heated and violent political contest, in which brother is engaged against brothher old and long confirmed friendships broken up,—but we hear of no broils, no outrages in the streets; warm and animated discussions are held at every corner, but who sees the hand of man? We trust that our city police will be vigilant and untiring in the pursuit of the perpetrators of the guilty deed.—*Mobile Examiner.*

The London Court Journal says that Mr. Sully's portrait of the Queen has been exhibited to a numerous and distinguished body of visiters. The Journal is in the main good authority in the Fine Arts, and therefore the following splendid compliment to Mr. Sully's abilities, comes with positive force. "As a likeness it is esteemed the most admirable as yet painted; as a work of art, it reminds us in its execution more of Sir Thomas Lawrance than any of our own modern painters.

SEMINOLE WAR.

We have authentic intelligence of the murder of a family in Ware county, by the Indians concealed in the Okefanokee swamp. A letter from that county dated on the 25th ult. says, that "on Sunday morning, 22nd, between day-break and sun rise, the house of Maxey M. Miles, resident about seven miles from Waresboro', was attacked by a party of Indians, supposed to be about fifty in number, and barbarously murdered Miles, his wife, and six children, together with one of his neighbor's children, who happened to be there at the time—four only, out of thirteen, made their escape to tell the sad news. They plundered and burnt the house to the ground. Immediately on the alarm being given by Miles' oldest son, who is one of those escaped, Capt. Dade, of the United States Dragoons, who were stationed within three miles of the scene of depredation, with about forty men, went in pursuit of the Indians, and reached the place by one hour by sun; the Indians were then gone, but not more than half an hour in advance, but succeeded in reaching the swamp before the troops could overtake them. It was not considered advisable that so small a party of men should enter so dense a swamp where there was so much sign."—*Milledgeville Recorder.*

MRS. HUTCHISON'S ADDRESS.

Delivered at the close of her Examination, on the 8th of August, 1838.

[*Published by Request.*]

My Dear Pupils: To-day closes our Academic year, releases us from our mutual connexion as Teacher and Pupils, and separates us widely from each other. To me it is a time of sadness. Sorrow has been my acquaintance for many long years past, and I have learned, that however short to the eye of anticipation a separation may seem, it may, in the end, prove eternal. Still, to many of you, it may be an hour of frolic and glee; you are now released from daily study, and the rules of school, and expect much pleasure in the society of your friends. Full well I know the crimsoned purpled clouds of summer's eve, are not more bright, more lovely, than the visions of your youthful imaginations. There is a spell about them that binds more strongly than Delilah's, the mental powers of their willing victims. They tell you that to-morrow shall be as to-day, and still more abundant; but let them never lead you to forget how often the brightest halo of the morning has been the harbinger of an overwhelming tempest, and the sun, which rose in splendor, has, before it has reached its meridian height, been shrouded in a night of clouds.—No power of the human mind is more likely to lead us astray than the imagination. Proteus like, it assumes any form, or wears any hue. Here the arch-enemy displays his matchless skill in painting. He knows each taste and inclination, and so arrays before the mental eye, his most alluring objects, robed in their richest drapery, that he rarely fails to ensnare the heart. Be on your guard, then, against this fascination,—it is too often an ignis fatuus, which cheers for a moment, but lures to destruction. Be not too sanguine in expectation. Blighted hope is the lot of earth, and we who have been longest acquainted with it already see, in anticipation, a thousand disappointments, suspended as it were, like the glittering sword from the gilded ceiling of the Syracusan palace, trembling over your heads, and ready to crush your fondest wishes. You do not believe it, it is well, lest like Domocles in his terror, you should reject the enjoyments now proffered to your acceptance.

Still you ought to be considerate, and you will suffer me to bring to your recollection, two events of our past history, which may help you to feel how uncertain are all our hopes of earthly good. But you yourselves cannot have forgotten how suddenly, and unexpectedly, two of our number were taken from us.

One* drooped at the edge of our daily path, like some sweet opening flower, hanging as it were between life and death;—for one short week, we watched her sinking, and then with many tears followed her to the silent tomb, and while the cold clods of the valley fell upon the lovely but unconscious remains, we dropped a frail memento of our affection among them, and left her all alone to sleep in her narrow house till the morning of the resurrection. The other† stood, as you now stand, to receive the parting words of your teacher; rosy health bloomed fair upon her young cheek; pleasure beamed in her bright dark eye; she had, like you, a joyous scene in anticipation, and she was entering upon its enjoyment full of expectation; but alas! unknown and unexpectedly to us, the angel of death had received his commission, and in one single day all that youth and health and loveliness were laid together in the tomb!

And which of us is sure to-day, that the fatal arrow is not already sped to her own bosom? And who among us can say that the feet of those who carried one of these out, shall not carry her out also? Let us, then, improve the present moment as if we knew we should not meet again. You have, my dear young friends, been given to your parents by a merciful Providence as blessings, more precious than silver or gold, and it is in your own power to confirm or annul the gift, by your improvement or misimprovement of the talents bestowed upon you. You cannot forget that of him to whom much was given, much was required, and he who made due improvement of the talents entrusted to his charge, received a rich reward, while he who hid his Lord's money was doomed to see taken away that which he seemed to have.

Time is one most valuable talent. Its rapid flight admonishes us to unwearied diligence, for it carries upon its swift wing, an impartial account of all our thoughts, and words, and actions, to the bar of retribution; nor was it ever known to return to give to any a second opportunity. How important to improve it to the approbation of the Divine Master! Yet how many wrap it in the napkin of folly, and prepare for themselves the fearful doom of the unprofitable servant!—But you have had, my dear young friends, many talents committed to your charge;—think of your birth in a christian land,—think of the kindness of your friends,—of all the joys of home, and the privileges of education. But you cannot appreciate these talents, unless you glance at what woman was designed to be, and view the changes sin has made in her lot. Let us look then, by the sacred light of Holy truth, into the garden of Eden, upon the long dark stream of woman's life, as it rolled in its troubled current from the Cherub-guarded gate, down the long course of time. We can have, even by all the aid the Scripture gives but little idea of that blissful garden, which the great Creator himself planted for our first parents. Clustering fruits of every name hung ripe from the dependant branches, and flowers of every form and hue gladdened the eye, and perfumed the pure and refreshing breeze which murmured among the foliage, while all the various tribes of animal life grazed innoxious upon the luxuriant herbage, or slaked their thirst among the crystal waters that laved the borders of that delightful region. And can any doubt but the benevolent Creator designed all this to promote the equal happiness of those upon whom it was bestowed? They were formed in the same divine image,—they received the same divine blessing,—were endued with the same authority, and appointed to the same occupation;—they were formed for society; but society is perfect only where there is equality;—inferiority would have implied imperfection; the all-wise, infinite Creator made them perfect, and pronounced the ONE! Such were they in Paradise;—who can think of their innocence and their happiness, and not shudder in view of the evils sin has brought upon our race! Ambition, pride, and envy, tempted them to break the divine commands, and together they were driven from their hallowed home, to wander among the thorns and briers, with which their transgression had planted our beautiful earth. Sad lot to those who had enjoyed the bliss of Paradise! but they were sinners, and suffering is a part of their very constitution. But our object is to inquire into the effect of the fall upon the female sex, and the very first domestic circle to which an open door invites us, shews the bitterness of domestic strife, and the degradation of woman. Far be it from me to murmur at the divine dispensation—She who was first in the transgression, deserved to be prominent in suffering. We all know how easy it is for men, left under the control of human foreligion, to indulge feelings of dislike or abhorrence towards the cause of their sufferings. Doubtless this feeling was predominant among the early sons of men, and regarding their first mother, not as the source of their being, but of their misery, they would look upon her with contempt, scorn, and hatred, and afterwards, transferring these feelings from the immediate cause, they would fix them upon her successors, never doubting but similarity of form necessarily implied similarity of character.—Thus woman sunk to the degradation of a menial servant, and she, who was formed to be the associate and equal of man, became the servant to wash the feet of her lord; and thus we find her, no matter how deep we wind our way into the tangled maze of history, we always find her the same suffering and degraded being. Nor need it be affirmed that mental inferiority reduced her to the condition of a slave. It was her misfortune to be born a woman, and contempt and suspicion were her birthright. No smile welcomed her into existence,—no approving word fell upon her ear,—no joy gladdened her heart,—every action, and word, yea, look, would be suspected of evil; despair would seize upon the soul; and the mental powers, from long inaction, would become a stagnant pool, from which fatal exhalations would arise, scattering pestilence on all around; or to carry on the figure, a total evaporation would take place, leaving the reservoir a complete vacuum.

The loftiest human intelligence that ever graced our fallen world, if within the conscious grasp of superior power, and under the unvarying influence of suspicion, and hatred, would give way before it;—a Locke, or a Newton, would gradually have sunk to the imbecility of dotage. Such, for more than four thousand years, was the lot of woman; such it is still in the dark corners of the earth. When our thoughts turn towards this cheerless lot of woman; can we wonder that so many ignorant and reckless of a hereafter, should voluntarily scorn the brittle thread of temporal existence,—or that the birth of a daughter shrouded the house in sorrow;—or that the hand of the mother was dyed in the blood of her babe. Nor was it until the fulfilment of the promise given to our first parents in Eden (the advent of our blessed Saviour) that woman saw the dawn of a brighter day,—a day which shall yet illuminate the whole earth. But alas! its cheering beams have not yet reached the benighted land of the Moslem, and the Pagan, nor yet affected, even in christendom, that melioration of the evils under which our sex has so long been placed, and which it was calculated to produce.—It has indeed healed the bitter waters of strife at the domestic fountain, and elevated woman to the companionship of the other sex; but how has it fitted her for this elevation! A slave, clad in tattered garments, needs some thing more than his freedom, to fit him to be an associate with a prince among his people. So the mind of woman, freed from the bondage under which it so long had groaned, needed that mental improvement which gives to virtue its brightest coloring, and to society its brightest charm. This blessing, my dear young friends, may be yours; then study to improve the opportunities you enjoy, and in order to value them aright, look back again and again, upon the whole history of woman, that you may feel how favored a lot you enjoy. Cultivate every power bestowed upon you, whether mental, moral, or personal. Read profitable authors a certain portion of every day, but the Holy Scriptures above all; no other book can fit you for that eternity towards which you are hastening. Write daily; they who omit this means of improvement waste by far the greatest portion of what they gain by their intercourse with the world; an idea thus saved may be said to be twice gained. Accustom yourselves, like the followers of Pythagoras, every one of you, to take a strict account every night of your own conduct, to see what you have gained in knowledge, what you have lost in time, and wherein you have failed in doing to others as you would that they should do to you. Without an attention, scrupulous and conscientious, to this most sacred precept, there will be no usefulness in life, no peace in death, no joy beyond the tomb!

This life is a sea upon which we have embarked.—The fear of God and his holy commandments ought to be our guiding star, and this alone will bring us to the haven of eternal rest. But alas! too many steer by the maxims of this world, which in fair weather, and still waters, carry them smoothly, and imperceptibly along; but the long dark nights, and tempestuous weather of coming winter, will founder their frail barks among the yawning abysses of the deep; or, what, if possible, is yet more terrible, strand them among the breakers upon a lee shore.

And now, my dear pupils, whether of this last Academic year, or of any other which I have taught, (for I would affectionately address, at this time, each one whom I have ever called my pupil,) you all know how I have been in and out before you; my instructions are with you; our last great accountability is bound up in one bundle, and must be made together. If I know what joy is, it is this, to see you, who are as children to me, fulfilling your duties in your families, and in society. To see you honored and happy, is among my highest earthly satisfactions;—I feel a pride in your improvement, and I rejoice in the hope that I return you to the bosom of your own homes, enriched in knowledge, and virtue, and grace. I entreat you all, by the recollection of the past, by the hope of that which is to come, to bear on your hearts the memory of your teachers and the school in which you have been educated, and to recommend it wherever you go, by that most impressive of all recommendations a life of consistent piety, and virtue.

And now, with unfeigned affection, I would thank you for all your kind attention to my assistants and to myself, nor would I forget that notice you have bestowed upon my orphan child. May a merciful Redeemer be your guide and your portion forever!—And with this wish I resign my charge over you, and bid you a maternal farewell.

To my friends of the village, who have, on many occasions, ministered to my comfort, and happiness, and to that of my pupils, I beg leave to offer, to each individual of them, this public acknowledgement of my sense of their uniform kindness to us all, and as I expect to have no opportunity, at this time, of taking personal leave of them, I hope they will allow me to offer them my kindest wishes, and to say farewell.

To the patrons of the school I offer my thanks, and respectfully solicit a continuation of their patronage. The arrangements now in progress, for the accommodation of the school, justifies the hope that we shall make it an honor to the State. I would enlist every patriotic feeling in its behalf. If it be sustained, Western North Carolina will receive a high accession of praise, when the next generation shall fill our places.

*Rebecca, daughter of Col. R. W. Long, of Salisbury.
†Sarah Ann, daughter of Dr. Scott, of Rowan county.

[*Correspondence of the Newark Daily Advertiser.*]

WHIPPANY, Morris Co. July 26.

I have witnessed, during the past night, one of the most distressing scenes that ever took place in our village. Mr. James Benge, a respectable mechanic, aged about 24 years, died this morning about 4 o'clock with that truly awful disease, *Hydrophobia*. The first symptoms of the malady were not shown until Tuesday evening, (24th inst.) when his friends were about to apply warm water to his feet. He shuddered at the sight. He ate a hearty breakfast yesterday morning, but did not drink any thing with it.

He inquired of the owner of the dog that bit him about six weeks since, if he thought the dog was mad? An evasive answer was given, when he replied, "The dog was mad—*and I am a dead man!*" About two o'clock, yesterday afternoon, he had some light spasms, which continued to increase until he died. About 11 o'clock last evening we succeeded in getting a strait jacket upon him, when he was chained to the floor. At intervals he would talk as rational as ever, and agreed with us upon the propriety of his confinement. At one time he cried out, "*Kill your dogs! kill your dogs!*"

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

SALISBURY:
Friday Evening, AUGUST 17, 1838.

ELECTION RETURNS.

CABARRUS CO.

For Governor.—Dudley,		445
" Branch,		158
" M. Barier,		25
Senate.—C. Melchor, (whig,)		408
Commons.—D. Boger, (adm.)		467
" Wm. Harris, (whig,)		461
Sheriff.—D. L. Kimmiger,		696

MONTGOMERY CO.

Governor.—Dudley,		949
" Branch,		46
Senate.—Dr. J. Montgomery,		633
Commons.—W. Harris,		791
" T. Pemberton,		546
" T. J. Bright,		490
" Wm. Swariugen, (withdrawn) (all whigs.)		
Sheriff.—E. Hearne,		918

CHATHAM CO.

Governor—Dudley,		1,026
" Branch,		250
Senate.—Albright, (whig)		541
" Keen, (adm.)		392
Commons.—Clegg,	(whig.)	912
" Guthrie,	"	911
" Waddell,	"	900
" Cotton,	(adm.)	860
" Foshee,	"	675
" Alston,	"	360
Sheriff.—Harman.		

SURRY COUNTY.

Governor.—Dudley,		1,117
" Branch,		185
Senate.—Franklin, (whig.)		618
" Dobson, (adm.)		524
Commons.—Puryear,	(whig.)	1,243
" Boyden,	"	1,119
" Oglesby,	"	835
" Roberts,	(adm.)	805
" Calloway,	"	646
" Douglass,	"	659
" Parker,	"	202
Sheriff.—Hampton,		1,339
" Zachary,		593

IREDELL COUNTY.

Governor.—Dudley,		1,324
" Branch,		186
Senate.—G. F. Davidson, (whig.)		615
Commons.—Jo. Caldwell,		1,335
" J. A. Young,		1,139
" Jno. H. McLaughlin,		862
" G. T. Emerson,		717
" Wm. King,		516
" Campbell,	(all whigs.)	82
Sheriff.—J. M. Bogle,		884
" J. F. Johnson,		818

ORANGE CO.

Governor.—Dudley,		1,480
" Branch,		1,308
Senate.—Gen. Allison, (adm.)		
Commons.—Col. Stockard, Col. Sims, and Col. Frollinger, (adm.,) and Wm. A. Graham. (whig.)		

NORTHAMPTON CO.

Senate.—W. Moody. (whig.)		
Commons.—James H. Faison. (whig.)		

WARREN CO.

Governor.—Dudley,		106
" Branch,		651
Senate.—W. N. Edwards. (adm.)		
Commons.—Eaton and Williams. (adm)		

GREENE CO.

Governor.—Dudley,		350
" Branch,		61
Commons.—J. Williams. (whig.)		

LENOIR.

Governor.—Dudley,		221
" Branch,		260
Commons.—W. Davis. (adm.)		

GREENE AND LENOIR.

Senate.—J. Harper. (whig.)		

HALIFAX CO.

Governor. Dudley,		458
" Branch,		321
Senate. A. Joyner. (whig.)		
Commons. M. Wilcox, W. Daniel, S. Whitaker. (all adm.)		

CARTARET CO.

Governor. Dudley,		428
" Branch,		48
Commons. E. S. Bell. (whig.)		

JONES.

Governor. Dudley,		213
" Branch,		39
Commons. Wm. Huggins. (whig.)		

CARTARET AND JONES.

Senate. Maj. Enoch Foy. (whig.)		

CASWELL CO.

Governor. Dudley,		248
" Branch,		870
Senate. Maj. Jas. Kerr.		
Commons. L. A. Gwyn, and L. Parker.		

PERSON CO.

Governor. Dudley,		328
" Branch,		369
Senate. J. W. Williams. (adm.)		
Commons. R. Jones, and M. Chambers. (all adm.)		

ROCKINGHAM CO.

Governor. Dudley,		540
" Branch,		509
Senate. Reid. (adm.)		
Commons. Caldwell, and Braswell. (adm.)		

CRAVEN.

Governor. Dudley,		519
" Branch,		309
Senate. Biddle. (whig.)		
Commons. Hyman, and Wadsworth. (whigs.)		

FRANKLIN CO.

Governor. Dudley,		254
" Branch,		460
Senate. Hawkins. (adm.)		
Commons. Williams, and Howerton. (all adm.)		

ANSON CO.

Governor. Dudley,		908
" Branch,		161
Senate. Col. J. White,		
Commons. Geo. Dunlap,		759
" P. A. Winston,		684
" R. B. Murchison,		486
Sheriff. J. H. Allen.		

WAKE CO.

Governor. Dudley,		937
" Branch,		920
Senate. Whitaker, (adm.)		
Commons. Rand, Massey, Mangum, (all adm.)		

RANDOLPH CO.

Governor. Dudley,		1,148
Senate. J. Reding. (whig.)		
Commons. Col. Z. Rush, and Dr. Wm. B. Lane. (w's.)		

GUILFORD CO.

Governor. Dudley,		1,342
" Branch,		130
Senate. Morehead,		
Commons. Lindsay, Doak, Thomas.		

ASHE CO.

Commons. N. Ney. (adm.)		

WILKES CO.

Governor. Dudley,		1,223
" Branch,		55
Commons. E. Petty, and Wm. W. Peden. (whigs)		

WILKES AND ASHE.

Senate. Gen. Jones.		

LATE FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

The "Great Western" reached New York City on the 5th this month, after a voyage of [illegible] days from England, bringing intelligence [illegible] date in that country.

The sales in Cotton had been dull the week previous, holders had refused a decline in price, and buyers were backward.

Money continues to be so abundant that capitalists are entirely at a loss for investments.

The crops throughout England, Ireland, and France are said to be very good.

A bill, to abolish imprisonment for debt, is before the British Parliament, and will this session become a law.

THE CHEROKEES.

The business of collecting, and removing these people has fortunately been conducted so far without the occurrence of any of the difficulties which had been apprehended. According to the estimates made, the whole number of Cherokees remaining in the nation the 1st of May, was 16,000,—2,000 of these were started on their way Westward during the month of June. Gen. Scott after that time, suspended the emigration until the 1st September on account of the season. At that time the work will be recommenced, and before another winter, in all probability, the Cherokee will have kindled his last upon the hunting grounds of his fathers.

We see it stated, that at a Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Maryland, recently held, the Right Rev. Jackson Kemper, missionary Bishop in the Mississippi Valley, at the present, was elected to the office of Bishop of that Diocese.

The last "Advertiser" states that the number of passengers on the Wilmington and Raleigh Rail-Road is so great, that the Company were compelled to increase their facilities for transportation.

We were requested by Mrs. Hutchison to say that her School will be re-opened on the 10th of October next. The Musical Department will be under the charge of Miss Baker. If the number of pupils is sufficient to justify it, the Rev. Mr. Frontis will assist the instruction of the class in French. Miss Nye, from New York, will assist in the Literary Department, and Miss Amanda S. Nye will teach the ornamental branches.

A most destructive fire has lately occurred in Hudson, N. Y.; at the time of the last accounts about 80 houses had been consumed, and the flames were yet raging unsubdued. The whole of Front, Fleet, and Ferry streets, and all the houses on Still street, both sides of the way down to the South Bay were destroyed.

Two fires have lately taken place in New Haven, Connecticut, both supposed to be the work of incendiaries; the last came near consuming a part of the College buildings.

Statue of Washington.—Four years ago, Congress ordered that a Statue of Washington should be made to be placed in the splendid rotunda of the Capitol at Washington City. The work was committed to the hands of the celebrated Sculptor, Mr. GREENOUGH, who since the death of Canova, stands first in his profession.

Mr. F. Cooper has recently received a letter from Mr. Greenough, giving the information that the Statue is in rapid progress, and will soon be finished. It will certainly prove a most splendid specimen of the sculptary art. The block of marble from which it is making, weighed, when it first came under the hands of the artist, 130,000*lbs.* or more than *sixty tons.* It was not an easy job, the hewing this block out of the mountain some 20 miles from Rome, and conveying it in the rough state to the studio of the artist, where it receives its form, and figure.

When finished it will be conveyed down the Tiber to its mouth, and there embarked for the United States.

At a meeting of the members of the Mobile Bar, convened on the occasion in that City, on the 24th ult. Resolutions were adopted expressive of their regret for the death, and respect for the memory of their deceased brother, RICHARD H. ALEXANDER, Esq.; it was also resolved that the members wear the customary badge of mourning for 30 days, and attend the funeral of the deceased.

In addition to the list of Factories which we published some weeks since, the "Fayetteville Observer," mentions,

"12. The Cane Creek Factory, in Chatham County, owned by a Company, and which has been in operation for a year, or two.

13. The Alamance Factory, in Orange County, owned by Mr. Holt, we believe."

Specie Payments.—We observe that many of the country Banks of Pennsylvania, and several of the Philadelphia Banks, as also some farther South, commenced redeeming their notes with specie, the first of this month. The balance of the Philadelphia banks, Mr. Biddle's amongst the rest, were forced into the measure on the 13th, the day fixed by the Governor's Proclamation. We may soon expect a general resumption throughout the country of such as will ever be able to resume at all.

The following extract from the "Watchman," a Florida paper, has been sent to us for publication. The Editor, it will be seen, says that Gov. Branch has never become an actual Citizen of the Territory;

"We observe by a correspondence in the North Carolina papers, that the Hon. John Branch is a candidate for Governor of that State.

"We regret this exceedingly;—we had hoped that Gov. B. would be a member of our Convention to be held at St. Joseph, in December next.—His long experience in public life, the consistency, integrity and independence which have marked his political career, made it an object of great desire with a large and respectable portion of the people of this county, to obtain his services in the important work of framing a Constitution for the people of Florida. There will be no little disappointment on this subject. We had ourselves expected something different and we had a right to do so. It is however, but fair to add, that though Gov. B. has been a winter resident in our neighborhood for several years past, and has a large planting interest here, he has never participated in our political contests, nor exercised any political rights in Florida, and has never, therefore, been strictly a permanent resident of Florida, nor a citizen. Our laws permitting his service in the capacity mentioned, his friends determined, as already stated, to avail themselves of the defect, and required his services accordingly.

Some of our modern dashmoors, and writers would greatly increase the interest of their effusions by an imitation of the following laconic, and Spartan-like reply of a Chief of the Pottawatamies of the Wabash made in answer to a long Speech of Col. Pepper, preceding them to emigrate:

"My chiefs have all heard and considered upon what you told us, and you shall hear what they now say. When you asked my chiefs for an expression of their opinion relative to removal, they were glad, and appointed this day to give you an answer.

My Father—You have asked my chiefs and all present to go west of the Mississippi—they have all told me to say they would not go. The Great Spirit desires us to live in peace with all men. We want the United States to pay us our annuity, and we don't know but that we will get our land back again, and this is the reason my chiefs are not willing to go west of the Mississippi. We were glad when you mentioned our Great Father, the President. He does not wish to be at variance with any one, and neither do we.

My Father—We heard what you said yesterday, and you have heard what we have just said. We do not want you to say any more on the subject, for if you do, we will not listen to it."

The Indians then immediately arose and departed from the Council.

The Remains of Napoleon.—The Siecle of Paris says that one of the objects of Marshal Soult's mission to England was to obtain permission to remove the remains of Napoleon to France; and in this, it is said, he has succeeded, with the aid of the Duke of Wellington. It is stated further, that the Prince de Joinville is to proceed to St. Helena, in command of a frigate, having on board a soldier from every regiment in France, and that the remains of the Emperor are to be deposited under the column in the Place Vendome, with solemn religious ceremonies, at which the Duke of Wellington will be invited to be present. It has long been the aim of the admirers of Napoleon (and all Frenchmen are *entranced* with his glory) to get his remains from St. Helena, and to deposite them in the Place Vendome, in the heart of Paris. Probably Louis Philippe would strengthen his dynasty more by that movement than by any other he could make.

HYMENIAL.

MARRIED.

In Thomaston, Geo., on the 3rd inst. Mr. JOHN S. MARLIN, formerly of this County, to Miss RUTH HUNTER WATSON, of Perry County, Ala.

OBITUARY.

DIED.

It becomes our painful duty to announce the death of THOMAS DEWS, Jr. Esq. Attorney at Law of this place, who departed this life on Saturday the 4th inst., aged about 30 years.

The circumstances attending the death of Mr. D. are truly distressing. He was a candidate to represent this county in the next Legislature, and was returning from the lower part of the county where he had gone to attend a public gathering, a few days previous to his death. On arriving within six miles of this, it was discovered that he was in a state of mental derangement. On the evening of his death he started for home, as was supposed, but not reaching this that night, serious apprehensions were entertained by the citizens of our village, that some misfortune had befallen him, and immediately search was made for him that night in the neighborhood where he was last seen: his horse was found on the bank of Broad River near by, but no traces of its owner could be seen. On next morning search was again made, and melancholy to relate, he was found in the bottom of the river, having apparently been drowned the evening previous.

In the death of this young man the community has been deprived of one, who, by his natural endowments, was befitted for any station in life, and by the exercise of a highly gifted mental capacity, might have reflected lasting honor upon his native State; mild and courteous in his demeanor while at the Bar, he gained the esteem of all his legal associates. He has left an aged Father and Mother, a brother and several sisters, to deplore a loss which to them is indeed irreparable.—*Ruthcrfordton Gazette.*

On the morning of the 24th ult., near Pleasant Gardens, Burke co., THOMAS WILLIAM, only child of James Greenlee, Esq., aged ten months and twenty-two days.—*Ib.*

MATCHLESS

GOELICKE'S SANATIVE.

THE SICK are all taking this wonderful Medicine which is astonishing Europe, and America with its mighty cures.

For Sale at the Post-Office, *Fallstown, Iredell county, N. C.*

By JNO. YOUNG, Agent.

August 17, 1838. 3m

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NOTICE. ALL persons indebted to Dr. ASHBEL SMITH, either by note or book account are requested to call on the subscriber at Thos. L. Cowan's store, in the town of Salisbury, during August Court for 1838, and settle the same, or not complain if they find their accounts or notes in the hands of an officer immediately afterwards.

JESSE KINCAID, Attorney.

Salisbury, N. C., August 10.

MILITARY NOTICE.

HEAD QUARTERS,
Salisbury, N. C., August 17, 1838.

THE Commissioned Officers of the 64th Regiment of N. C. Militia, are hereby commanded to *Parade* at the Courthouse in the town of Salisbury, on Saturday, 1st of September, at 10 o'clock, A. M., equipt for Drill and Court Martial.

By order of
R. W. LONG, Col. Com't.
J. M. BROWN, Ad'jt.
2t

D. L. McCAY,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that he is now ready to attend to receiving and forwarding goods to the interior,

SHIPPING COTTON, *&c.*

He will make liberal advances on all kinds of produce sent him for sale or shipment.

Intending to devote himself exclusively to this business he flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfaction.

Georgetown, S. C., July 18, 1838. 6t:10

MILITARY NOTICE.

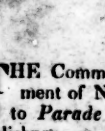
ALL persons belonging to the Salisbury Bent, subject to Military duty, are commanded to Parade at the Courthouse in the Town of Salisbury on Friday the 31st inst., at 11 o'clock, A. M., equipt as the law directs, for company muster. By order

R. W. LONG, Col. Com't.
J. M. BROWN, Ad'jt.

Salisbury, August 17, 1838. 2t

CIRCULAR.

The article published below, concerning the new and popular doctrine advanced by the illustrious Goelicke of Germany, cannot fail of exciting a deep and thrilling interest throughout our country.



[Translated from the German.]

LOUIS OFFON GOELICKE,

OF GERMANY,

The greatest of human Benefactors.

Citizens of North and South America.

TO LOUIS OFFON GOELICKE, M. D., (Europe,) belongs the imperishable honor of adding a NEW and PRECIOUS DOCTRINE to the Science of Medicine—a doctrine which, though vehemently opposed by many of the faculty, (of which he is a valuable member,) he proves to be as well founded in truth as any doctrine of Holy Writ—a doctrine, upon the verity of which are suspended the lives of millions of our race, and which he boldly challenges his opposers to refute, viz: *Consumption is a disease always occasioned by a disordered state of Vis Vitæ (or Life Principle) of the human body: ☞ often secretly lurking in the system for years before there is the least complaint of the lungs.☜—and which may be as certainly, though not so quickly, cured, as a common cold or a simple headache.* An invaluably precious doctrine this, as it imparts an important lesson to the *apparently healthy* of both sexes, teaching them that this insidious foe may be an unobserved inmate of their "clayey houses" even while they imagine themselves secure from its attacks, teaching them that THE GREAT SECRET IN THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH IS TO PLUCK OUT THE DISEASE WHILE IN THE BLADE, AND NOT WAIT TILL THE FULL GROWN EAR.

This illustrious benefactor of man is also entitled to your unfeigned gratitude, and the gratitude of a world, for the invention of his MATCHLESS SANATIVE,—whose healing fiat may justly claim for it such a title, since it has so signally triumphed over our great common enemy (☞ CONSUMPTION, both in the first and last stages,—a medicine which has thoroughly filled the *vacuum* in the Materia Medica, and thereby proved itself the CONQUEROR OF PHYSICIANS—a medicine, for which all mankind will have abundant cause to bless the beneficent hand of a kind Providence,—a medicine, whose wondrous virtues have been so glowingly portrayed even by some of our clergy, in their pastoral visits to the sick chamber; by which means they often become the happy instruments of changing despondency into hope, sickness into health, and sadness of friends into joyfulness.

In burning fevers, mock not the patient's instinctive call for cooling drink, by simply moistening (!) his parched lips; nor place by his bed-side a vessel of water, put into his hands a cup, and let him slake his thirst at pleasure. This is reason; this is common sense; this is nature.

TO AGENTS. The General Agent for the Matchless Sanative, in the Western Hemisphere, is Dr. DAVID S. ROWLAND,* Boston, in the ancient State of MASSACHUSETTS, NORTH AMERICA. To prevent any *attempt* at counterfeiting, the directions accompanying each package will contain a *private check mark*, made known to the general agent in Boston, who is duly authorised to employ an inspecting agent, at the expense of the depository, to visit occasionally the sub-agents in the different sections of the country.

It was deemed absolutely necessary by the inventor, that the general agent in America, should be a gentleman acquainted with medicine; but while said agent has power to create additional agencies, in any town or city whenever he shall think proper, he has it in charge not to appoint either *druggists* or *apothecaries* as *agents*, and consequently this medicine will *not* be for sale at their stores.

As Goelicke does not wish the reputation of this remedy in America to depend upon the cases herein reported, but upon its own merits alone, he is perfectly willing, nay, *he asks it as a favor*, that publishers of newspapers, throughout the whole country, will throw open their columns to PHYSICIANS, for the free admission of all their argumentative communications (over real names) which they may offer *against* the validity of the new doctrine.

In regard to the SANATIVE, the public will probably prefer to make actual *trial* of its worth, rather than rely upon what may be said of it, either by its friends or its foes. Not being at all desirous of a *certificate reputation* abroad, the inventor would not have consented that the following cases should have been published, had not the annexed testimonial, which corroborates the facts, have been so kindly and unsolicitedly presented to him, by three of our most distinguished physicians, who were, till very recently, his BITTEREST OPPOSERS. Having designed his medicine as an antidote to only *one disease*, he could not have believed that it possesses such a controlling power over the human system, were not the cases here given, attested to by gentlemen, who were individually knowing to the facts, and whose veracity no one will presume to call in question, viz: 28 of Incipient and Confirmed Consumption; 9 Palsey; 13 Fits; 21 Venereal; 5 Dropsy; 3 Insanity; 1 Emaciation; 15 Indigestion; 7 Pleurisy; 3 Gout; 14 Piles; 9 Dysentery; 6 Gravel and Stranguary; 2 Diabetes; 15 Rheumatism; 5 Spine Complaint; 7 Rickets; 12 Jaundice; 1 Partial Deafness; 17 Nervousness; 8 Ague; 35 Weak Lungs and Spitting of Blood; 3 Delirium Tremens; 7 Heartburn; 18 Vertigo and Headache; 12 Loss of Appetite and Debility; 4 Liver Complaint; 32 Obstinate Coughs and Colds; 9 Asthma; 23 Diseases of the Eyes; 6 St. Anthony's Fire; 10 Disturbed Sleep and Watchings; 2 Cancer; 11 Ringworms; 8 Ulcer and Fever Sores; 9 Wind in Stomach and Bowels; 5 Hypochondriac; 10 Night Sweats; 6 Strains; 13 Scurvy; 12 Scald Heads; 4 Carbuncled and Pimpled Face; 9 Leprosy; 6 Tic Douloureux; 1 Poisoned; 4 Sickness in Pregnancy; 3 Tumors; and many difficult female complaints; besides numerous cases of Humors, Fevers, &c.

All persons whom the Sanative shall save from threatening disease, are particularly desired to communicate their cases (post paid) to the depository.

† † † † † † † † †

A certificate from three members of the MEDICAL PROFESSION, in Germany, in Europe.

We, the undersigned, practitioners of medicine in Germany, are well aware that, by our course, we may forfeit the friendship of some of the faculty, but not of its benevolent members, who are uninfluenced by selfish motives. Though we shall refrain from an expression of our opinion, either of the soundness or unsoundness of Dr. Goelicke's *new doctrine*, we are happy to say that we deem his Sanative too valuable not to be generally known—for what our eyes behold and our ears hear, we must believe.

We hereby state, that when Dr. Louis Offon Goelicke first came before the German public, as the pretended discoverer of a new doctrine and a new medicine, we held him in the highest contempt, believing and openly pronouncing him to be a base imposter and the prince of quacks. But, on hearing so much said about the Sanative, against it and for it, we were induced, from motives of curiosity merely, to make trial of its reputed virtues upon a number of our most hopeless patients; and we now deem it our bounden duty (even at the expense of our self-interest) publicly to acknowledge its efficacy in curing not only consumption, but other fearful maladies, which we have heretofore believed to be incurable. Our contempt for the discoverer of this medicine was at once swallowed up in our utter astonishment at these unexpected results; and, as amends for our abuse of him, we do frankly confess to the world, that we believe him a philanthropist, who does honor to the profession and to our country, which gave him birth.

The recent adoption of this medicine into some of our European hospitals is a sufficient guaranty that it performs all its promises. It needed not our testimony, for wherever it is used, it is its own best witness.

HERMAN ETMULLER, M. D.
WALTER VAN GAULT, M. D.
ADOLPHUS WERNER, M. D.

Germany, Dec. 10, 1836.

† † † † † † † † † †

[It appears by the following information given to the public by Dr. Rowland, that the much talked of Matchless Sanative is indeed what it professes to be—an effectual and valuable medicine, worthy the serious attention of every consumptive person and the *sick generally.*]

Matchless Sanative.

DAVID S. ROWLAND, the General American Agent for this mighty medicine, (invented by the immortal Goelicke of Germany,) has great pleasure in publishing the following highly important letter from a respectable gentleman in New York, which he has received, with many others of a similar character—also very interesting intelligence from several of his Agents, as will be seen below—which, together with the certificate from three eminent German physicians, must forever establish the character of the Sanative as being without a parallel in the history of medicine.

TESTIMONY No. 1.

A Letter from H. F. Sherwood, Esq. of New York.

† † † † † † † †

NEW YORK, [illegible], 1837.

DR. D. S. ROWLAND,—Sir; About the middle of July last, I accidently noticed in a [illegible] the advertisement of the Matchless Sanative, by which I perceived you were agent, and which professed to be a sovereign remedy for Consumption.

As my wife was then fast wasting away with this dreadful disease, and as our family physician was daily and anxiously endeavoring to restore her to health without success, I stepped over to his house, and asked him if he had any objections to her taking this medicine. He replied that "he was perfectly willing Mrs. Sherwood should take that or any other medicine she might choose, but he thought it could do her no good, as *her lungs were rapidly consuming; and no human means could save her.*" Still, the Sanative, being recommended by three physicians who had used it in their practice, she concluded to give it a trial. I sent and purchased a phial, which she commenced taking three times a day, giving a free indulgence to her appetite according to the directions. By pursuing this course, *she suffered considerably for the first eight or ten days*, but was shortly able to eat and drink freely, without the least inconvenience.

Within four weeks from her first using the medicine, her feeble health and wasted form began to put on new strength, and she has been gaining from day to day until the present moment, to the utter astonishment of our family physician and friends. She is now enjoying a comfortable (though not perfect) state of health, is able to be about house and attend church.

Mrs. Sherwood and myself are both fully of opinion, and so are all who know her remarkable case, that *she owes her life to the Sanative alone:* and as there are probably many consumptive persons in the United States, who have not yet *heard* of this medicine, measures ought speedily to be adopted to have it more generally known.

A number of persons in our neighborhood, I understand, are taking it for other serious complaints, with very great benefit.

I think of going to the South, with my family, sometime this fall, and in case I do, I will proclaim the virtues of the Sanative in that quarter; for although some of the Physicians here are actively opposed to it, I do sincerely believe it saved my wife from an opening grave.

If you think this letter will serve the public good, you are at liberty to publish it.

Respectfully, &c.
H. F. SHERWOOD.

TESTIMONY No. 2.

[*From the Brunswick Advertiser.*]

"One person in our village, who was considered by his physician to be in a *Consumption*, has taken the *Sanative*, and is now well. Another person, subject to epileptic fits, has been *greatly benefited* by a short course of this medicine. There can be no question but this medicine has performed wonderful cures in a host of cases, and that it is worthy of general attention.

TESTIMONY No. 3.

The Matchless Sanative.—By an article in our paper to-day, it will be seen that this medicine has lost none of its virtues by crossing the Atlantic—for it appears to be working similar cures in America to those which have astonished Europe.

[*Boston Morning Post.*

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!

BETWEEN

"PHYSICIANS & the MATCHLESS SANATIVE."

1. Why are some of the American Physicians making such strong efforts to PUT DOWN the Matchless Sanative? Let the public answer.

2. Why did the German Physicians at first OPPOSE Dr. Goelicke, and afterwards acknowledge him to be a great benefactor to mankind? Let the public answer.

3. What medicine HAS cured, IS curing, and WILL cure? Let facts answer.

4. What kind of apple trees are STONED and CLUBBED? Let farmers answer.

5. Why are physicians constantly PELTING the Sanative and saying nothing against OTHER medicines? Let their day-book answer.

6. How did Dr. Adams attempt to convince Mr. Webster, who had bought a phial of the Sanative for a member of his family, that it was a DANGEROUS medicine? Let one of the daily papers answer. 'The recent experiment which Dr. Adams tried with the Matchless Sanative in giving a large dose to a dog *without killing him*, clearly proves that the Sanative was made to CURE and not to KILL.'

7. Why do some physicians SECRETLY buy the Sanative and MIX it with their own medicines, which they use in their daily practice? Answer—that they may have the CREDIT of the CURES.

8. Why is a sick young man belonging to one of the first families in Boston, now using the Sanative without letting the attending physician KNOW it? The recovery of his HEALTH will shortly answer.

6. Why are physicians trying to persuade agents to give up SELLING the Sanative? Answer—they known, if it should be for sale in every town in America, they would be obliged to resort to SOME OTHER BUSINESS or else STARVE.

10. Why will the Matchless Sanative soon be the ONLY medicine used throughout the world? Let PHYSICIANS answer.

11. Why did a certain physician try to HIRE an Editor of a paper to write against the Sanative? Let his CONSCIENCE answer.

The above precious medicine (the original discovery of Dr. LOUIS O. GOELICKE, of Germany,) is for sale, wholesale and retail, in Boston, by D. S. ROWLAND, General American Agent for the discoverer, where numerous letters, certifying the good effects of the medicine, may be seen.

Also, for sale by retail, in most of the towns in America.

☞ In places where there is no Agent, the Postmaster or any Storekeeper who shall write to the General Agent at Boston, will immediately be appointed an agent.

For sale at the Post Office, Fallstown, Iredell county, N. C.

JNO. YOUNG, Agent.

August 17, 1838. 3m

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* 188 Washington Street.

POETIC RECESS.

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL TO HER WEDDED DAUGHTER.

Go, dearest one, my selfish love,
Shall never pale thy cheek;
Not e'en a mother's fears for thee
Will I in sadness speak;
Yet how can I with coldness check
The burning tears that start:
Hast thou not turned from me to dwell,
Within another's heart!

I think on earlier, brighter days,
When first my lips were prest
Upon thy balmy brow, whilst thou
Laid helpless on my breast;
In fancy still I see thine eye
Uplifted to my face,
I hear thy lisping tones and mark,
With joy the childish grace.

E'en then I knew it would be thus;
I thought e'en in that hour,
Another would its perfume steal,
When I had rear'd the flower;
And yet I will not breathe a sigh—
How can I dare repine?
The sorrow that thy mother feels
Was suffered once by mine.

A mother's love!—oh! thou know'st not
How much of feeling lies
In those sweet words; the hopes, the fears,
The daily strength'ning ties,
That lives ere yet the infant draws
Its earliest vital breath,
And dies but when a mother's heart,
Chills in the grasp of death.

Will he in whose fond arms thou seek'st
Thine all of earthly bliss,
E'er feel a love untiring, deep,
And free from self as this!
Ah no! a husband's tenderness
Thy gentle heart may prove—
But never, never wilt thou meet
Again a mother's love.

My love for thee must ever be
Fond as in years gone by—
While to my heart it shall be like
A dream of memory.
Dearest, farewell, may angel hosts
Their vigils o'er thee keep,
How can I speak that fearful word,
"Farewell," and yet not weep?

SCRAPS.

"Too many Irons in the fire."—Mr. Samuel Slick of Slickvill,—who, by the way, is a very sensible man,—discourseth as follows about the aforesaid saying: "That are proverb is true as respects the gals too. Whenever you see one on 'em with a whole tot of sweethearts, it's an even change if she gets married to any on 'em. One cools off, and another cools off, and before she brings one on 'em to the right weldin' heat, the coal is gone, and the fire is out. Then she may blow and blow till she's tired; she may blow up a dust, but the deuce of a flame can she blow up again to save her."

Long Tails and Short Tails.—A lady, in passing through Hampshire observed the following notice on a board; "Horses taken in to grass; long tails, three shillings and sixpence; short tails, two shillings." She asked the owner of the land the reason of the difference of price. He answered: "You see, ma'am, the long tails can brush away the flies; but the short ones are so tormented by them, that they can hardly eat at all."

Mr. Hurd, the celebrated teacher of Grammer once on a time, at Hopking, Mass. set his class to parsing the following lines of Pope:

"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
"All but the page prescribed, &c."

The word 'all,' in the second line, had been parsed, when coming to the word 'but,' and directing his eye to the next pupil, the master said, 'But,' the next.'—No sooner was the word out, than—plump went the head of the pupil into the bread basket of his next neighbor. Boo! hoo! hoo! roared the latter most lustily. "What are you about there?" said the master to the former. "I am butting the next, sir, as you told me to," replied the lad.

A Convenient Jail.—Some time ago a person was incarcerated in a jail, not above five miles from Paisley, for want of the needful. A friend of his came from Glascow to see him, and for that purpose called on the jailer. The jailer unlocked the outer door, and after having looked through several rooms without finding the prisoner, observed, "I'm thinking he'll he awa' out to the fishing to day, but he aye comes hame gin five o'clock, and ye'll be sure to get him then.

Monsieur Poupleton, a diminutive, jealous, irascible, radish-nosed *merchande tailleur*, in one of our northern cities, on a melting July forenoon, was seized with an unaccountable propensity to commit flagellation upon some one—he was not particular; as to the cause, why, forsooth, he had resolved it should come *after* the effect. He accordingly commenced operations upon an unoffending apprentice, who calmly remonstrated, but without avail. Monsier P. exercised himself into a most desirable state of satisfactory exasperation—the boy begged piteously—Vat is dat you say, zar? replied Monsieur P.—parblieu! you call-a me von dem rascalle! Oh no, exclaimed the trembling victim. Vel den, zar, I know vat you *tink*—yon *tink a me von dem villian*—so, begar, I shall *vip* you for *dat*!!

Unanimity.—A Scotch parson in his prayer, said, "Laird bless the grand council, the parliament, and grant they may hang together."

A country fellow standing by, replied, "Yes sir, with all my heart, and the sooner the better—and I'm sure it is the prayer of all good people."

"But friend," said the parson, "I don't mean as that fellow does, but pray they all hang together in accord and concord."

"No matter what cord," replied the other, "so 'tis but a strong one."—*Sunbeam.*

A JUMPING TOOTH-ACHE.

Extract from "The Life and Adventures of Dr. Dodimus Duckworth, A. M. Q."

Dodimus, after seeing hundry exhibitions of his master's skill began to be very anxious to try his own hand at a case of practice. An opportunity was not long wanting, for one morning, as he was exercising the pestle in his master's absence, and longing for a chance for attempting something by his own ability, a man entered the shop with a handkercheif tied round his jaws, and with a countenance more rueful than if he had lost all his relations.

"Is the doctor at home?" said he.

"No sir"

"Where is he?"

"He's gone over to Crincumpaw."

"Crincum dev!—I came within an inch of swearing. How soon will he be back?"

"Why, I 'spose in the course of two or three hours, if you can wait so long."

"Two or three ages you might as well say, I cant wait a minute."

"Who's sick?"

"There aint nobody sick. But I'm as mad as I can live, I've got the jumping tooth-ache; and want the doctor to pull it."

"I can do that myself," beginning to take the instruments from a drawer."

"You!" said the man eyeing him suspiciously," did you ever pull a tooth?"

"Did I! I wonder if I haint now!" returned the student, in such a tone as to carry with it a conviction in the mind of the hearer, that he was expert in the business. Then desiring him to take a seat he began to examine the offending tooth.

"Do you see it?" said the patient.

"I wonder if I don't!" said Dody.

"Oh how it does jump!" exclaimed the patient, at the same time springing upon his feet, and raving round the room like a bedlamite; "I believe in my soul it'll jump out of my head."

"Shut your mouth then," said the student—"do, and keep it in till I get ready to pull it."—He seated the man once more, and desiring him to extend his jaws as wide as he could, he introduced a horse fleam by way of a gum-lance; and began to cut around the tooth.

"What are you about there!" roared the patient as well as he could articulate, with the fleam in the mouth.

"I'm cutting the goom," replied the student

"You've got the wrong tooth," roared the man; and seizing the hand of the operator, he wrenched it violently away; when springing up and spitting out the blood, he exclaimed—You've cut my tongue half off!"

"Why didn't you keep your head still then?" said Dody.

"Still! you blundering toad you: and let you pull the wrong tooth? The one I wish to have drawn is on the other side of the mouth, and in the upper jaw, instead of the under one."

"Very well: how should you know which I was cutting? You couldn't see it, and I could."

"Yes, but I could feel it though."

"Feeling is nothing at all to be compared to seeing," said the very scientific student. "I could see what I was about, while you was only feeling."

"Well, one thing I know," persisted the man, "you've got the wrong tooth."

"Very well, returned Dody, "just as you say, I'll pull any tooth you like; I ain't at all particular about that."

The patient was presently seated once more, and opening wide his jaws, designated with his finger the particular tooth he wished to have extracted.

"I see it," said the surgeon, beginning again to flourish his horse fleam: "I'll get the right one now, if there's any right to it." Then cutting freely round the tooth, he took the extractor, and began to make a demonstration of applying it, when the patient charged him anew to be sure and get the right tooth.

"Don't put yourself in a pucker, replied the youth: "don't you think I've pulled a tooth afore to-day?" Then applying the instrument, he began to twist; but presently resting on his oars, he asked if it hurt!

"Out with it," said the man, angrily stammering with the instrument in his mouth.

"Very well, sir," said Dody; and he began to twist once more; but stopping again, while the patient writhed with pain, he enquired the second time, with singular humanity, if it didn't hurt.

The patient, ungrateful for all this attention to his feelings, instead of replying merely, drew his fist, and taking the operator on the side of his head, very nearly knocked him down. Then imitating the language of the student, he asked in turn, "Does that hurt?"

"Dody now raised his fist, and was about making a rejoinder in some similar terms; but suddenly recollecting himself, he forbore to strike, saying it was his place to cure not to kill, and that if the patient would allow him to apply the instrument once more, the tooth would come out pretty darned quick.

The patient acquiesced, but swore that if he stopped again to ask whether it hurt he would break his good-for-nothing numbskull for him.

"I meant it in a civil way," returned the student, "and had no idea you'd be affronted about it. But I'll do the job to your liking now; I'll make the tooth hop like a parched pea; if I don't then darn me!" With that he applied the instrument, and giving a sudden and forcible wrench, out came teeth. "There," said he, "wasn't that done slick?"

"Oh, you've pulled my head off!" exclaimed the man, springing upon his feet, applying his hands to his jaws, groaning, roaring, and raving like a mad bull which has just shaken a mastiff from his nose.

"Well, 'twas done plaguy slick, wasn't it?" said Dody, "for the first one?" thus, in his exultation, betraying the ignorance which he had before the cunning to conceal.

"The first one!" roared the man, with mingled rage and astonishment; "did'nt you just tell me you had pulled many a one?"

"I wonder if I did!" returned the prudent youth.

"Yes, you did," said the patient. Then looking at the spoils of his mouth, which pain had prevented him from examining before, he broke out with new rage—"Confound your awkward soul! you've pulled two teeth instead of one!"

"Well, you need'nt be so mad about it," returned the student coolly, "I shan't charge for more than one!"

"Shan't charge! No, I guess you won't! I wouldn't had it pulled, that sound tooth, for a bright silver dollar. It's enough to lose a rotten one."

"It's no loss to lose a rotten tooth, though," replied the student, "and as for the sound one, that would have been rotten some time if I hadn't pulled it. I think it best to make a business of it and have a good number pulled at once.—They come cheaper in that way."

"You hadn't ought to ax any thing for pulling either of these, seeing you've made such a fist at it."

"Well, I told you I shouldn't charge you for more than one."

"I'll be darned if I pay you for that."

"It's no concern of mine," replied the student, "you may settle it with Dr. Whistlewind."

The patient again bound up his jaws with his handkerchief, put the two extracted teeth in his pocket, to keep as a memorial of his suffering, and bidding the student good day, left the shop.

A northern paper, discussing the subject of polygamy, says:—"Solomon himself had three hundred wives and six hundred *porcupines*.

Go home, said a gentleman to a tipsy Irishman, who supported himself against the railings of Washington Square. 'Ah now be aisy; I live in the square, isn't it going round and round, when I see my own door come up, won't I pop into it in a jiffy.

Selling without License.—An Arab, having lost his camel, swore that if it was ever found, he would sell it for a single dirhem. The camel was found; but the owner was very unwilling to fulfil his rash oath. At length he adopted the following expedient: Taking his cat, he entered the market, proclaiming—"Who will buy a camel for a dirhem, and a cat for a hundred dirhems?—but take notice, that one animal will not be sold without the other."

Dreadful Superstition.—The Rev. Richard Knill, the zealous agent of the London Missionary Society, at a meeting at Leeds last week, gave a thrilling and dreadful account of a superstition which has lately been discovered to prevail in a part of the Madras Presidency, India, where the farmers are in a habit of fattening and killing boys, and cutting their flesh from their bones, while they are yet alive, and sending a piece of their flesh to each of their fields or plantations that the blood may be squeezed out of it on the soil before the child dies; this being done with the view of making the soil more fertile! Twenty-five boys, amongst the finest that could be found, were discovered by the British soldiery in one place, under the care of the priests, fattening for slaughter; and in another place fifteen were found. They were of course rescued, and put under the care of the collector; and it was believed the missionaries would take charge of the poor infants, and bring them up in the Christian religion.—*Liverpool paper.*

THE MARKETS.

AT SALISBURY.....August 17, 1838.

	Cents		Cents
Bacon,	a 12½	Molasses,	.55 a 60
Brandy, apple,	65 a 70	Nails,	9 a 10
peach,	85 a 90	Oats,	25 a 30
Butter,	12½ a 15	Pork,	.600 a 700
Cotton, in seed,	a 2½	Sugar, brown,	11 a 12
clean,	7 a 8	loaf,	18 a 20
Coffee,	15 a 18	Salt,	150
Corn,	a 45	Tallow,	.10 a 12½
Feathers,	35 a 37½	Tobacco,	8 a 20
Flour,	600 a 700	Wheat, (bushel),	100 a 115
Flaxseed,	75	Whiskey,	45 a 50
Linseed Oil, pr. gal.	$1 12½	Eggs pr. doz.	7 a 8

AT FAYETTEVILLE....August 15, 1838.

Bacon,	11 a 12½	Iron,	5½ a 6
Brandy, peach,	85 a 90	Molasses,	35 a 42
apple,	80	Nails, cut,	7½
Beeswax,	23	Sugar, brown,	7 a 11
Coffee,	.12½ a 13½	lump,	16
Cotton,	8 a 9	loaf,	18 a 20
Corn,	80 a	Salt,	70 a 75
Flaxseed,	75	Wheat, new,	125
Flour,	.$7 a $8	Whiskey,	48
Feathers	40	Wool,	20 a 25

AT CHERAW.....August 15, 1838.

Bacon, lb.	11 a 12½	Nails, cut,	7½ a 9
Butter,	12 a 25	wrought,	16 a 18
Beeswax,	20 a 22	Oats,	40 a 50
Coffee,	.12½ a 16	Rice,	.450 a 550
Cotton,	8 a 10	Sugar,	10 a 12½
Corn,	75 a 87½	Salt,	.275 a 300
Flour, country,	.650 a 750	Steel, American,	10 a 12½
Iron,	5 a 6½	English,	00 a 14
Lard,	.11½ a 12½	German,	12 a 14
Leather, sole,	22 a 25	Tallow,	10 a 12½
Molasses,	40 a 50	Tea,	.100 a 137
Orleans,	45 a 56	Tobacco, ma'ftd.	10 a 50

FOUND, On Friday the 3d. instant, on the Stage road leading from Salisbury to Concord, one mile and a half beyond Mr. Jacob Coleman's, a small **Pocket Wallet,** containing an amount of Cash, and a receipt for Stage fare, of which the following is a copy:

August 1st., 1838:

Received of Samuel S. Hamilton twenty-one dollars, Stage fare from Abbeville C. H., S. C., to Milton, N. Carolina."

JOHN FAGGART,
For JOHN McLAREN.

The above wallet may be had by applying to John McLain sixteen miles West of Salisbury, near the road leading from Salisbury to Wilkesboro'.

August 10th, 1838. 3t

IRON CASTINGS,

MILL WORK MACHINERY, &c. The Iron Foundery, situated at Norwick, New London county, State of Connecticut, is now in full operation and can furnish Castings of every description, of the *very best quality*, at short notice and on favorable terms.—Mill work, fitted and turned, and Machinery built to order by skilful and experienced workmen, equal to any in the United States. All orders promptly executed.

Address
J. HUNTINGTON.

☞ A list of Patterns may be seen at this Office, and copies furnished (gratis) upon application (post paid) as above. J. H.

August 3, 1838. 6t

JUST RECEIVED and for sale, wholesale or retail,

52 bags Coffee.
10 hhds. Molasses.
5 do. Sugar.
100 sacks Liverpool Salt, large sizes.
3000 lbs. Spun Cotton, assorted Nos.
10 000 lbs. Castings, ass't.
25 kegs Nails.
2000 lbs. Bar Lead.
2 bbls. best Dutch Madder.
3 bbls. Loaf Sugar.
20,000 lbs. of wagon Tire Moulds, Scollop, Rolled, Scollop, and common bar Iron,

By J. & W. MURPHY.

Salisbury, June 26, 1838.

BECKWITH'S ANTI-DYSPEPTIC PILLS.

FOR the Cure of almost every variety of functional disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Liver and Spleen; such as heart-burn, wind eructations, nausea, head-ach, pain and distention of the Stomach and bowels, incipient diarrhea, colic, flatulence, habitual costiveness, loss of appetite, sick head-ach, *sea sickness*, &c. &c. They are a safe and comfortable aperient for Females during Pregnancy and subsequent confinement, relieving sickness at the stomach, head-ach, heart burn and many of the incidental nervous affections. Literary men, Students and most other persons of sedentary habits, find them very convenient. Those, who indulge too freely in the pleasures of the Table, find speedy relief from the sense of oppression and distention which follow, by taking the Pills. As a *Dinner Pill* they are invaluable. Those who are drinking Mineral Waters and particularly those from Southern climates and Ague and Fever districts, will find them a valuable adjunct. Those who are exposed to the vicissitudes of weather, on voyages or journeys, can take them at all times with perfect safety. In full doses, they are a highly efficacious and safe Anti-Bilious Medicine.—They seldom or never produce sickness at the stomach or griping.

Their efficacy is strongly attested by Certificates from the following gentlemen, viz: Bishop Ives, Rev. Dr. McPheeters, Rev. G. W. Freemen, Rev. B. T. Blake, Gov. Iredell, Hon. Henry Potter, Hon. G. E. Badger, Hon. Richard Hines, Thos. P. Devereux, Esq. Professor Anderson, Wm. Hill, Esq., Secretary of State, Wm. S. Mhoon, Esq., late Treasurer, Jas. Grant, Esq, late Comptroller, W. R. Gales, Esq., of the Register, Capt. Guion, Guion's Hotel, Dr. R. C. Bond, Dr. E. Crosby, Dr. J. Y. Young, Rev. F. L. Hawks, &c. Ample directions accompany each Box.

These Pills are for sale, by appointment in almost every Town in the United States, and *Wholesale* and *Retail* by the Subscribers, to whom applications may be made for Agencies.

THOMAS L. JUMP, Gen. Agent.
Raleigh, N. C.
☞ *1st door west of the Presbyterian Church.*

☞ *The above Medicine kept constantly on hand and for sale at* THIS OFFICE.

THE CATAWBA SPRINGS.

THE Proprietor of this establishment gives notice, that he is repairing and fitting it up at considerable expense, and in a superior style, and will have it ready for the reception of company by the 20th of May. It is situated on the great Eastern and Western line of Stages, from Salisbury via Lincolnton to Ashville, &c.; (*a stage passing there every day in the week but one.*) The country around is broken and proverbially healthy, and besides the mineral properties of the waters, there are many inducements to turn the attention of invalids and others towards this place. Its proximity to the lower country—the cheapness of living—the excellence of the neighboring society—the abundance of game—the rich field afforded to science—especially to Mineralogy and Botany, are facts not to be overlooked by the travelling world. But it is in the **Mineral qualities of the Springs** that the **great attraction** towards this spot consists. The Proprietor has no exaggerated lists of cures to present to the public, for he has just taken possession, nor would he deem it a compliment either to the good taste or sagacity of the public, to present such if he had them. But he has the assurance of some of the most scientific Physicians and Chemists, to the rare and valuable properties of these Springs. In 1824 Professor Olmsted (now of Yale College) made a strict analysis of this water, and pronounces its foreign ingredients to be

Sulphuretted Hydrogen,
Sulphate of Lime,
Sulphate of Magnesia,
Muriate of Lime.

For a more extended statement see his geological Report of North Carolina, authorized by act of Assembly, pages 129–30. Space will not permit us to add the very flattering remarks of this gentleman—but any one at all acquainted with the subject cannot help perceiving the peculiar adaptation of these minerals, to the disorders that most prevail in the South.

The Proprietor can only superadd his determination to meet patronage, by an unflinching attention to the wants, wishes and comforts of his visiters. The Springs are now, and will be throughout the year, open for the accommodation of travellers. JOS. W. HAMPTON.

March 16, 1838.

☞ The Camden Courier, Columbia Times, Charleston Mercury, Augusta Constitutionalist, Milledgeville Recorder, Savannah Republican, and Columbus Enquirer, will insert the above *two months*, weekly, and send accounts to Catawba Springs. J. W. H.

SCULPTURING.

JOHN HOLDSHOUSER

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he is still at his old business of

STONE-CUTTING,

seven miles South of Salisbury, and about ½ a mile from the old Charleston Road, where he is prepared to accommodate those wishing work in his line. He now has on hand and for sale, a good supply of MILL-STONES, of various sizes and prices, from twenty-five to thirty dollars a pair, of the best grit and workmanship;—also WINDOW SILLS, from $2 to $2.50; DOOR-SILLS from $2 to $3; DOOR STEPS $1.50; ROUGH BUILDING ROCKS from fifty to seventy-five cents; TOMB STONES from $10 to $15; GOLD (up shaft) GRINDERS $20 a piece.

The Subscriber hopes by close attention to business, and his determination to furnish none but the best article, and on reduced terms, to merit and receive a liberal portion of public patronage.

Rowan County, April 13, 1838. 12m

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

A MEETING of the Rowan & Cabarrus Temperance Societies will be held at the House of Philip Edleman on the new Concord Road, on Tuesday the 28th Instant, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Addresses may be expected. The friends of the cause are invited to attend. SAM'L LEMLY, Pr. Rowan T. S.

August 10, 1838. tm

Dr. Pleasant Henderson,

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the Citizens of Salisbury and vicinity. He occupies the Brick office of the late Dr. Mitchell.

Salisbury, N. C., May 18, 1838. tf

DR. T. J. FOWLER,
SURGEON DENTIST,
(Late of Philadelphia.)

HAVING located in Salisbury, N. C., offers his Professional Services to the public. He performs every operation pertaining to DENTAL SURGERY, upon scientific principles. He Cleans, Scales, Files, Plugs, Levels, Separates, and Extracts Teeth, in the most perfect style. He inserts from one to an entire set of Human Natural Teeth. He also inserts whole sets of indestructible Mineral or Porcelain Teeth upon a new principal by which they subserve all purposes of the natural, not only in appearance but in service, scurvey, with all diseases peculiar to the mouth, gums, teeth, alveolar processes, &c. speedily and effectually cured, irregularities in the teeth of children remedied in a short time. Sufficient time will be given before payment is demanded, and if his services should not prove satisfactory, no charge will be made. THE POOR SERVED GRATIS.

N. B. Dr. F's. office is at the Mansion House. Dr. F. will occasionally spend a portion of his time at Danville, Prince Edward C. H., and Farmville, Va., also at Raleigh, Milton, Salem, Chapel Hill, Greensboro', and Charlotte, N. Carolina.

May 25, 1838. tf

Private Entertainment.
THOS. FOSTER

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has taken the House formerly occupied by Col. Wm. F. Lee, in the town of Mocksville, Davie county, with the view of keeping PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENT. The House is roomy and comfortable and in the business part of the village. The subscriber pledges his best exertions to render satisfaction to all who may call on him. His TABLE will at all times be supplied with the best the country affords, and his BAR stocked with the choicest Liquors. His Stables are extensive and safe, will be well supplied with good Provender, and attended by a first rate Hostler.

Mocksville, Feb. 2, 1838. tf

NEW WATCHES,
JEWELLERY AND CUTLERY.

JOHN C. PALMER

just returned from Philadelphia, with a very

Fine Assortment

of the above articles, of entirely new fashion. A large assortment of

Superior RAZORS and KNIVES.

He can safely say that his assortment is superior to any in the western part of the State.—Call and see.

☞ Watches and Clocks repaired as usual, and warranted for twelve months.

Salisbury, Nov. 3, 1837. tf

NEW FASHIONS

For Spring and Summer of '38.

HORACE H. BEARD, Tailor,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he still carries on the TAILORING BUSINESS at his old stand on main street next door to the Apothecary Store. He is now ready to execute the orders of his customers in the style and manner not surpassed by any workman in the western part of the State. He is in the regular receipt of the latest London and New York FASHIONS, and prepared to accommodate the tastes of the fashionable at all times.

☞ Cutting garments of all kinds attended to promptly; and the latest Fashions furnished at all times to country tailors, and instructions given in cutting. [Salisbury, Jan. 1, 1838.

WILLIAM W. GRAY'S

INVALUABLE OINTMENT,

For Ulcers, Tumours, &c.

Can now be obtained of the patentee, at the office of the Raleigh Register.

Single Pot, 1 dollar—One dozen, 9 dollars.

WILLIAM W. GRAY.

Raleigh, October 8, 1836.

The above Medicine is for sale in Salisbury at the Store of JOHN MURPHY.

For five or six years previous to the Spring of 1834, a Negro man of mine had been much afflicted with an ulcerated arm and hand, which rendered him almost useless. The ulcer embraced that part of his arm from the elbow down, including his entire hand, which was literally a mass of putrefaction. A joint of one finger, and a part of the thumb, perished and dropt off. A more distressing and hopeless case I have never beheld. It was abandoned by his physicians as incurable, except by amputation of the hand.

The best medical treatment having failed to relieve the man, I placed him under the care of Mr. William W. Gray, in this place, who, with his Ointment, has effectually cured the case, although the Negro was frequently absent, for weeks and months together. He has been entirely well for the last eight months, and I have good reason to believe will continue so.

WILLIAM BOYLAN.

ANOTHER GREAT CURE!

RALEIGH, September 21, 1838.

I am now 58 years of age—when in my 17th year, I received a wound on my left leg, which became ulcerated, and continued so until the first of March last. It would occasionally heal up, and then break out again; but most of the time, it was in a very painful condition, the sore having extended to a large size, and become very deep. I tried many remedies to make a cure, without success, until I applied *Gray's Invaluable Ointment*, two pots of which have effectually cured my leg, and reduced it to its natural size. The cure would have been made much sooner, had I strictly attended to the directions for the use of the Ointment; but this I failed to do, while I took much exercise, and very imprudently used tight bandages. My leg has been well for more than six months, during which time, I have walked much, yet it remains firm and free from all soreness or inflammation. After having been afflicted for a period of forty-one years, I now enjoy the benefit of a sound leg again.

LEWIS HOLLOMAN.

A CAMP MEETING will be held at South River Church, in Rowan county; to commence on the 31st. day of August.

JNO. W. LEWIS.

July 20, 1838. tm